WHOLE No. 1366

auditors office

AN ELEPHANT AT AUCTION.

How the Big Beast Ruled the Whole Country-Escapes and Is Captured.

I remember once an elephant was be-

ing sold by auction in execution of a decree, and for some reason or other it had not its proper "mahout," or driver

on its back, says the Gentleman's Maga-

sine. The sale was taking place on the

sembled to listen to the bidding. What

knocked him down, and was proceeding

to tread the life out of him, when one

The driver on its back then got frightened, and watching his opportu-nity, as the elephant went under a tree,

seized hold of a branch and swung

himself up. The elephant tried once or

the panic-stricken but still curious peo-

let it fall with a crash to the ground. By this time every one who had any

description of a vehicle within the vicin-

ity and could get away began to drive

The "grass-cutter" went to the ani-mal, which, though he suffered him to

the evening drive-to the effect that

they should stay at home or look out

The courts suspended work for the

THE WAY TO REST.

A Change of Occupation Is the Very Be Sort of Repose.

Rest is change, not idleness. When men quit work and start to do nothing

change. It will be all the same in

There is no rest in a rocking-chair—believe that, O woman, girl! The abomination on rollers is conducive to round

shoulders, bad thinking, hysterics, nerves, hollow backs and dislocated

stomachs. The doctors say so, the

Delsarte teachers say so and the proofs

"Get on a couch and go to sleep if you are tired." Sargent Savage and

the rest of the physical trainers say, "and

when you wake up do something." The

most restful occupation, these athletic physicians agree, is the one that exer-

ises the mind most and the body least.

Mental supremacy is all-conquering. That is why book-lovers, dreamers and

hobby-horse riders have their own roads

to happiness. A love of reading is one

degree lower than the musician's par-adise. The restfulness to be found in

books-"the only things that live for-

The late William Walter Phelps,

speaking to some German ladies about the various resources of his country-men, once said that "the salvation of

the men and women he knew best and

admired most was their fads." He

went on to enumerate the studies his as-

ociates had prosecuted ever since their

college days, the club schemes of the

of a change of physical action he ad-

Sit not idly resting, saith the psalmist. Women think they think, whereas

the mind often consumes itself brooding, grieving, fretting over petty troubles. To this insidious habit needle

work lends its baneful influence. When

it is too hot to be diligent find rest in

"Sugar" in Parliament.

of commons by the elder Pitt, afterward

It is related of him that once in the

house of commons he began a speech

-and then, observing a smile to pre-

vail in the audience, he paused, looked

fiercely around and, with a loud voice,

Pocket Philosophy.

with the words: "Sugar, Mr. Speaker'

ocated novelties for the mind.

being desultory.

frame of miud.

hundred years.

speak for themselves.

ever"-is inexhaustible

scampering in all directions.

off as fast as possible.

FIRE: FIRE! FIRE! Insurance a Specialty.

Ho! [Good people of Portage County! De E. M. WALLER,

OFFICE in Phenix Block, over J. C. CLARK'S bry Goods Store. Ravenna. Ohio.

DUTY OF MEN TO ANIMALS.

Strange Fallure of the Church to Estab-lish Clear Ethical Relations.

the flock were more acceptable than Cain's bloodless offerings of the fruits of the fields, priests have performed the functions of butchers, converting sacred shrines into shambles in their

endeavors to pander to the gross appe-tites of cruel and carnivorous gods.

Cain's offering was rejected, says Dr. Kitto, because "he declined to enter in-

to the sacrificial institution." In other words, he would not shed the blood of

beasts to gratify the Lord, a refusal which we cannot but regard as exceed-ingly commendable in Adam's first

ingly commendable in Adam's first born, says Prof. E. P. Evans in the Popular Science Monthly.

"I do not remember," observed Mrs. Jameson, "ever to have heard the kind and just treatment of animals enforced on Christian principles or made the subject of a sermon." George Herbert was a man of gentle spirit and ready hand for the relief of all forms of human distress, and in his book entitled "A Priest to the Temple, or the Country Parson," lays down rules and precepts for the guidance of the clergyman in all relations of life, even to the minutest circumstances and remotest contingen-

Indeed, ever since Abel's firstlings of

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Our New Upholstered Rockers are Dandies, FROM \$2.50 UP.

In CROCKERY Finest Line ever shown AND LOWEST PRICES.

Our Bargains in Lamps you should not let pass her letter, Mile. Bardonnel received word from M. Thiebault asking her to

Our UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT IS IN CHARGE OF A. B. FAIRCHILD. Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done.

W. A. JENKINS & CO. No. S. Phenix Block.



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Together with the best WORKINGMEN'S GARMENTS and make your preparations. I shall expect you then, mademoiselle, on in the market, at prices that can't be beat We have also on hand and coming a new line of

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC WOOLENS For the Custom Trade, and are prepared to furnish the

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RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1894.

# W.T. MCCONNEY

Lines on a Miniature.

The little ivory portrait? Ah! I first beheld her face
In the pausing of a journey when I called on In the pausing of a journey when I called on cousin Grace.

She smiled at me from out her frame with just that witching air:
I saw her lovely truthful eyes, her softly parted hair:
And something more, some subtle spell, some charm incorporate—
And in that one first lingering look I knew I'd met my fate.

and lived at Mon in the cattle busing like a gallant aid Henriette in led him—in short, of mademoiselle.

The following

Yet go I must. I stole her! and I kept her Yet go I must. I stole her: and I kept her near my heart.

I tried to fight against it, but 'twas useless from the start.

I fell to looking in the glass, to reading lovers' lays;

I tried to save my careless pence, to mend my careless ways:

my careless ways;
The fellows thought me ill, so conscientious
I became—
Till at last I couldn't stand it, wrote to Grace
and asked her name. And here's her answer: Womankind is quite devoid of pity.

"Of course I'll introduce you, dear; so glad you think her pretty.
I love her dearly, Jack, myself. she is so sweet and true.

Not married? No, not yet engaged, and rather wealthy, too.
You stole her, did you? Wretched boy! you quite deserve to hear.
She is your dear Aunt Tabitha when in her eighteenth year."

—Exchange.

HUNTING A LEGACY.

The 17th of June, 188-, was an imortant day for Henriette Bardonnel, uilliner, at Rouen.

She was seated at about 10 in the norning in front of her window, which faced on the Rue des Charettes, busy shaping and trimming a superb bonnet, when Mme. Dufresnes, her employer, opened the door suddenly, and flourishing a paper burst into the room.
"Henriette! Henriette! Haven't you read it? Don't you know?" shouted

And she thrust the paper-The Petit

Rouennaie—under her eyes, pointing out a notice on the fourth page as fol-"Mme. Henriette Emilienne Bardonnel, daughter of Pierre Auguste Bardonnel, late piano tuner Rue de Grand Pont, at Rouen, is requested to send her address to M. Thiebault, lawyer, 53

he, out of breath. "Look, see!"

Place du Vieux-Marche, Havre property."
"You must write the lawyer at once

my dear—at once."
"Yes, I am going to, of course, Mme.
Dufresnes, right off," said Henriette. The following evening, in reply to her letter, Mile. Bardonnel received ome at once to his office.

To pay current expenses a check for 50 francs was inclosed. Decidedly things were looking well, and Mme. Dufresnes remarked upon it. "You were born with a silver spoon

in your mouth, my dear. I have always said so. And M. Leonce—he, too, is very happy, is he not? Is he going with you to Havre?" M. Leonce, or Leonce Lecarpentier,

was the son of a linen draper in the Quai aux Meules, a promising young bachelor of 28, blonde and hearty, but as gentle and timid as a lamb. Employed in his father's shop, for papa Lecarpentier did not believe any

more than was necessary in throwing his money into the gutter, Leonce could only indulge rarely his passion for the pretty little milliner. A bracelet or a gown on her birthday or at New Year's, few picnics on Sundays during the summer, and a few parties occasionally, and that was all.

Restrained, however, by paternal and ousiness exigencies, Leonce had to let Henrietta take the journey alone from Rouen to Havre.

The lawyer's office was in the second the end of a courtyard. M. Thiebault, a thin little man, with bent figure, sharp eyes under his large copper-rimmed spectacles and a black velvet cap on his head, motioned to the

young girl to take a seat on his left opposite the window. "Mile. Bardonnel, I suppose?"

"You have taken care to bring your certificate of birth, as I suggested?" "Here it is, sir." The lawyer unfolded the paper and

carefully read the statement. "Pierre Auguste Bardonnel-so far so good. Correct! Your father left France about 1866, did he not, miss?"

"Yes, sir. I was then 5 years old. We were going to meet him in New York. My mother has often told me the story. He wrote us three or four times, as nearly as I can remember.
But we never received any further news from him—never. My mother has been dead six years, and I have no living relation except a cousin at Elbeuf."

"Your father, miss, died on January 22, 1879, in South America, leaving a fortune valued at 120,000 piasters, or 600,000 francs, of which you are the sole heir. To enter into the possession of the whole of this fortune it will be necessary for you to go there in person in order that you may see my colleague, M. Guastella, who is the executor." "Go way down there. But, mon-

"We shall advance the necessary amount. Have no fear on that score." "And when must I start?"

—Friday, Saturday. Ah, here it is— stare. the Iberie, for Buenos Ayres. You will "You Monday next without fail."

Twenty-five days after Henriette Bar-donnel, fortified with M. Thiebault's instructions and suggestions, and with the address of M. Guastella, Anibal Guastella, abogado, 182 Bolivar street, in her pocket, landed at Bueaos Ayres, best of Goods, Trimmings, elegant fitting, well made, and repaired, with her trunk, to the hotel, so favorably named De la Bonne Mr. Cawker—"Not at hotel, so favorably named De la Bonne In the result of force of

Within an hour after Henriette's arrival and before she had finished her dinner all her neighbors at the table, as girl before her marriage."-Judge. well as the proprietor and three serv-ants, who spoke French, were already informed of the motive and the object

Spanish gentleman of 30 years, who murdered French dreadfully. He an-swered to the name of Manoel Alvarez and lived at Montevideo, where he was in the cattle business. Like a gallant hidalgo he offered to

aid Henriette in her search, if she needed him-in short, he was at the service The following morning early Hen-riette, with an interpreter, went to Bolivar street to the address of the advo-

cate Guastella. No Guastella was at the number mentioned, not even an abogado in the building. Nor was he in any of the

neighboring buildings.
At No. 125 was a business agent named Carlos Figueras. They sought him, but el Senor Figueras knew no advocate Guastella. He was sure, even, that there was nobody of that name in the whole city. "There is a commission merchant

Guastella, 38 San Martino street. You might go and see him."
Quickly they departed for this Guastella. He assured them he knew nothing of what they asked him; had never been written to by M. Thiebault at Havre, of whose existence he was igno-

In what anxiety, in what a horrible dilemma poor Henriette found herself! For two days, escorted by her interpreter, she scoured the whole town, visited all the abogados, lawyers, notaries, courtiers, business agents. But no Anibal Guastella, no Bardonnel property-nothing.

M. Manoel Alvarez undertook to introduce her to the French consul "I regret exceedingly, mademoiselle," replied this functionary to Henriette, "to dispel such an agreeable illusion, but if there had been here an unclaimed French property I should have been the first to know it, and there is none. You have been made the victim of a hoax." Henriette, when she returned to the hotel, followed the consul's advice by exploring her memory to find some one who had a personal interest in expatriating her and in getting rid of her. And she found someone without great difficulty. It was Leonce's father, the

old scamp of a papa Lecarpentier. Not a doubt of it. On her account Leonce had let slip several good matches, a Mile. Coutois of Lisieux among others. Now they were scheming to make him marry Mile. Hennequin, daughter of a mer-chant of the Rue St. Sever.

"For how many sous did he buy the complicity of that Havre lawyer? But wait, just wait, old wretch! There are judges in France. They give damages there. He laughs best who laughs

And boiling with indignation and rage Henriette went back to the consulate, and though without funds asked to be sent back home.

They promised a favorable reply to her request, but she must wait a fort-No boat would leave for France before the end of that time. One evening as she was walking on the arm of M. Manoel Alvarez, and

telling him of her mortifications, that wealthy and seductive Spanish gentleman murmured tenderly: "Enriquetta, mignon, suppose, instead of returning to Europe, you should stay here with me." Five years later, one morning in May,

Mme. Manoel Alvarez, nee Bardonnel, stepped from a train at the Rouen station and directed her way toward the Rue des Charettes.

She did not wish to go through France The lawyer's office was in the second story of an old, dilapidated structure at band without seeing again her native Mme. Dufresnes kept Henriette to

dinner and brought out for her the very "Oh, deary, I always told you that you were born lucky. Don't you re-

"And the Lecarpentiers and my little Leonce? What has become of them?" "What has become of them? Oh, my dear Henriette, the good God has given them their punishment. "The linen business ran out. It is

"Four months after you went away Leonce married Mile. Felicite Hennequin, whose father kept a large shop."
"I know. And didn't the marriage

"You can't really say that it did. M. and Mme. Leonce left Rouen when the failure came. They are probably living wretchedly somewhere, in Paris perhaps. As for papa Lecarpentier, his troubles have affected him so that he is in his second childhood. He is begging. When you go you have only to turn up the street till you get in front of the theater, and there you'll see

Arrived at the end of the street, Henriette saw seated on a little stool an old babbler who handled feebly a wheezy old accordion.

"Don't you remember me, papa Lecarpentier? The poor wretch interrupted the tearful strains of his instrument and fixed "Let us see-the Eurydice-the Meuse on the young woman a stony, fixed

"You played me a villainous trick, in all the gold she had in her purse.-

Mrs. Cawker-"Don't you think it is very strange that Mrs. Stivetts hasn't Mr. Cawker-"Not at all. It is merely the result of force of habit." Mrs. Cawker—"How is that?" Mr. Cawker—"She was a telephone

"Are you a cannibal?" she asked of the man in the tent. "I was in my own country, ma'am. One of her neighbors, the one on the right was an elegant and seductive cannibals over here. — Judge.

ROADS BUILT BY THE ANCIENTS. The Work Done on Prehistoric Highways Not Equaled in These Days.

Pavements and paving, problems that have brought forth much harsh language from modern taxpayers during the past few years, seem to have been no less a source of trouble with the good people of ancient times. Even in prehistoric large, open ground, or plain around the courts, and a small crowd had asperiods there were probably paving troubles. At any rate, there were pavements, and unless the prehistoric races with the noise and the absence of its were entirely different from the people proper keeper, the animal began to show signs of irritation, which, of course, only increased the excitement and the noise among the people. Suddenly it ran at one of the spectators, of to-day, there were certainly paving troubles and growling against the tax assessor and against road work. But however much they may have grumbled in those times, the taxpayers evidently received very little consideration, else there would never have been such roads of its "grass-cutters," standing by, struck it with a spear and drove it off. as have been found in Peru, for instance. There says the N. Y. Times, remains have been discovered of the greatest paved roadways ever built. The roads of the Romans surpass in magnitude anything constructed since their time. But in comparison with the old Peruvian twice to push the tree down, but not being able to do this, it wandered about roads, of the building and history of which no record has ever been found, in the thorough enjoyment of its lib-erty, at every turn of its body sending the Roman roadways are almost insignificant. Through practically impassable mountain regions, for distances variously estimated at from 1,500 to 2,ple, now collected in large numbers, 000 miles, the ancient Peruvians built Soon it came upon a dog-cart belonging to one of the judge's clerks, who had probably left his work to see the spectacle. The horse had been taken their highways, twenty feet wide, and in a manner that would put to shame, in point of durability, any pavement laid since in the world. These roadways were built of heavy

out, and the elephant, lifting the whole vehicle up in its trunk, with as much ease, apparently, as I should lift up a small terrier by the scruff of the neck, stone flags set with the utmost care in a mysterious cement which with time has so hardened that it is harder than the stone itself. The first pavement building in the world of which there is any written record was that undertaken by Semiramis, the great Assyrian queen. After succeeding her husband on the throne she set about laying out great paved roadways all over her empire, and she felt such justifiable pride in this work approach, would by no means allow him to get on his back, or to control that she caused a record of it to be handhim in any way. The police sent around a notice to the few European bungalows—it being near the time for ed down to her successors. The Carthagenians also had paved highways, but the Romans existed without pavements for 200 years after the expulsion of their

for the elephant. There was no need to proclaim the danger to the native bazaar, though I believe it was done, as the news would spread far faster in its It was not until Rome was about five centuries old that any effort was made to pave its streets. From these efforts grew the great road building, by which, natural course. as much as anything else, the Romans managed to spread their power. The day, not only because it was near the Via Appia, begun by Appius Claudius, 312 B. C., was carried forward steadily until it reached a total length of 350 time to do so, but because it was impossible to stop occasional stampedes into them by frightened crowds at miles, connecting Rome with Brunduevery new movement of the elephant, and because every one was in too ex-It was completed in 30 B. C. It was built of large blocks of silex, fitted was built of large blocks of silex, fitted to each other with great exactness and laid on a deep substrata of broken stone at the police "lines," arrived on the carefully put down. scene, with chains and a number of

Road building and street paving prac-Road building and street paving practically died out for the time being with Roman civilization. It was not until 1184 that the streets of Paris were 1184 that the streets of Paris were paved. The work was rude, and was and bolted, with its pursuers following, and was not secured until early the confined to a small area. In London next morning, about thirty miles disthere was no paving to speak of until tant, by its proper "mahout." 1533. Since that time street paving has been one of the great questions with state and municipal governments, and endless experiments have been made to devise the best methods. From cobblestones to bricks, and wooden blocks, and macadam, and stone blocks, and asphalt, the progress has been steadily

they either get into mischief or go daft. The summer resorts are filled with mis-At the present time nearly all the authorities agree that for pavements where the traffic is not too heavy asphalt is the best material that has yet been found, and experienced engineers say that no other substance will ever be discovered that will exceed it in point of

FOOD AS A SURE CURE FOR MOODS. Even Fits of Temper Will Yield to a Well-Chosen Dinner.

There are few sorrows that a salad many which will not vanish, at least temporarily, before a carefully chosen sert. The "food cure" is the best in the world for moods. Every one observes that men retain

their youth longer than women. At 50 men are erect, active-gray-haired to be sure, but fresh-colored and brightmercury is cavorting round the head of the column. Let the family eat crack-ers and wear crinkled clothes for a eyed. At 50 women are gray-haired, dull-eyed, wrinkled, and colorless. Why is the difference? Because for

twenty-five years or so men have been eating good, substantial, epicurean luncheons in the society of their fellowmen down-town, while women have been having toast and tea and cold sliced meat with the children at home. It is no base, material doctrine to preach, that of the intimate connection between good food on the one hand and good temper and good looks on the other. Even the apostle of temperance in all directions, Miss Willard, comes home from beef-loving England and chants the praise of five good meals a

Have you a fit of bad temper? Eat your luncheon in cheerful society, and make it a delicious one with a bit of crisp lettuce, a taste of cheese, some toasted crackers, and a cup of black cof-You will leave the table at peace with all the world. The jostling crowd which you longed to throttle before eating will arouse only emotions of goodnatured interest now. Are you depressed? Dine well and the world will bear a rosy aspect after dinner. Forswear, once and forever, the feminine ascetic notion which has prevailed two years ago since the firm of Lecar- through the centuries, and you will be pentier & Son failed and gave up busi- a healthier, happier mortal than you ever have been before.

Only remember that to dine well means to dine with daintiness, not to ladies, and the pleasure, profit and rest he had got out of a German grammar and a work on horticulture. Instead overeat, and that luncheon, to be truly accessful, must have due regard for hygiene. Suppers may not be a cure for unrequited love and luncheons may not minister to a mind diseased, but for

Certain Fads About Smoking.

There are some men who have cer-tain fads about smoking and some of ese fads are curious and expensive. I know a man who believes that the re-The Encyclopædia Britannica is au-thority for the following account of one of the speeches delivered in the house tention of the ash on the end of the cigar makes the cigar smoke better and taste better. He says if he were a rich man he would never smoke a cigar after the ash had fallen from it. I attempted earl of Chathan to persuade him that the cigar that retained the ash was possibly better because by this it showed that it was more evenly and closely rolled and properly seasoned, but the knocking of the ash from such a cigar would not injure the the Iberie, for Buenos Ayres. You will sail next Monday. That's rather soon. You have just time to get back to Rouen erty in America. But that's all over and make your preparations. I shall now. Come, old scamp, here's somewould not be convinced. He says he would not be convinced. He says he rising in its notes and swelling into hing for you."

And she let fall into the beggar's cap all the gold she had in her purse.—

Exercic of Albert Cim.

Would all the difference immediately. And so be goes about carefully guarding the ash on the end of his weed as long as possible and looking upon its accidantel loss as a temporary misfortune.

Would all times—and, having thus quelled the house and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned round and disdainfully asked: "Who will laugh at sugar now?"

His Idea of Heaven. "Grandpa, I don't want to go to heaven.'

That marriage is a lottery cannot be an old saw, for it never has been a favorite with the joiners. "You don't want to go to heaven! The self-made man shows 'prentice Why not?" work but the rolling stone evidently was produced by a journeyman. Common sense is the steam engine of "I should be so lonesome there." "Why should you be lonely there, my "Grandpa, it will be very lonesome with only God and George Washington mental mechanics, talent the electric motor and genius the theory of perpetual motion .- Kate Field's Washingto there."-Judge.

The French levy a tax on coffee to The devil has the number of every the amount of \$300 a ton. fashionable pew.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# **ABSOLUTELY PURE**

Happiness of Life on the Farm.

A prosperous and intelligent farmer sat in this office a short time ago dis-cussing the events of the last year; the financial panic, the unexampled busi-ness depression, the industrial unrest, and the progress of a rebellion against the government which, if not arrested, would have ended in civil war. "Well," he said as he arose to go, "I am going back to my farm and let the old world go its own gait. I am happy there. Nothing disturbs me. In the worst year that can come I will have plenty year that can come I will have plenty to support my family. I will have my books and papers and know what is go-ing on outside, but I am safe. Panics and trade revulsions do not affect me at all, and even a revolution would hardly disturb me in my quiet nook." Now, bright people have been cudgeling their brains to make out a picture of the future Utopia. But is there anything even in the dreams of visionaries, that is much person to a condition of that is much nearer to a condition of material happiness than this? Hardship and struggle are there and every-where. Life without struggle would be worthless. But there also is independence; and, with industry and frugality, absolute assurance against future dis-tress. It would be an untold blessing

opportunities enough for millions. -St. Paul Pioneer-Press. Cause of Napoleon's Illness.

if armies of the unemployed and of the

the farm. In Minnesota alone there are

infortunate could be transplanted to

Stendal tells of a lady who met Napoleon in 1795 and describes him as "so thin that he inspired pity," as the thin-nest and queerest being she had ever met. His earlier portraits give him a thin and emaciated look.

A story is told which ascribes his illhealth at this time to an incident of the seige of Toulon, characteristic of Na-poleon's impetuosity. One of the gun-ners of a battery had been suddenly killed, and it was important that his gun's fire should not cease. Napoleon took the rammer and loaded and fired several times. By the contact of his bare hands with the rammer he conwhich the gunner had suffered.

This disease was allowed to go un

treated, or with merely palliating treat-ment. It kept Napoleon looking thin and weak in the Egyptian campaign, and in the second year of the consulate grew even worse.

Napoleon then, upon the advice of Gen. Lannes, consented to see Dr. Corvisart, who cured the disease easily and

remained his physician after Napoleon became emperor.

After this time Napoleon's constant and increasing tendency was to become plump.—N. F. Recorder.

erable women who do nothing but sit around, dress up, eat and sleep. They get no sympathy, but deserve a great deal. To map out a plan of resting is Visiting the Sick. as difficult as to arrange a summer menu -it is all a matter of individuality; the cook calls it taste, and the physician temperament. A small boy will go off with his dog, lie in the grass and be as happy as a harlequin; his father will sit

ways more satisfactory to see the person to whom one is talking and nothing is more fatiguing to an invalid than to be obliged to twist into an uncomfortable position in order to see a visitor.

The good effect of the most cheery talk will be nullified by the fatigue of the control of the c on the string-piece of the nearest pier and fish or smoke himself into a mellow One reason why so few women succeed in getting rested is because they get too thoroughly ready. Order is heaven's first law, but it is a helpful and wholesome scheme to drop out of order without any fuss once in a while. Baking day, ironing day, sweeping day and kindred days of torture might be skipped twice a month or oftener if the

stay too long, even though urged to re-mein.—Demorest's Magazine.

circumstances and remotest contingen-cies incident to parochial care. But this tender-hearted man does not deem it necessary for the parson to take the slightest interest in animals, and does not utter a word of counsel as to the manner in which his parishioners should be taught their duties toward the creatres so wholly dependent upon them. Indeed, no treatise on pastoral theology ever touches this topic, nor is it ever made the theme of a discourse from the ulpit, or of systematic instruction in the Sunday school.

Neither the synagogue nor the church, neither sanhedrin nor ecclesias-tical council, has ever regarded this subject as falling within its scope and sought to inculcate as a dogma or to enforce by decree a proper considera-tion for the rights of the lower animals. One of the chief objections urged by Celsus more than seventeen centuries ago against Christianity was that it "considers everything as having been created solely for man." This stricture is indorsed by Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, who also animadverts on the evils growing out of the anthropocentric character of Christianity as a scheme of redemption and a system of theodicy.

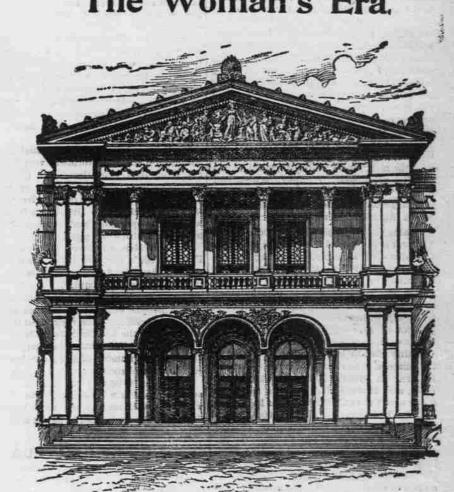
Gen. Grant in Japan.

"When Gen. Grant was in Japan," remarked the son of a Japanese general to a New York reporter, "the emperor invited the general to cross the imperial footbridge near the palace at Tokio, across which none but the blood royal had ever trod. Gen. Grant accepted the invitation and walked across beside the mikado until they had reach-Always when visiting a sick person endeavor to sit where the invalid may see you without making an effort to do so. Under any circumstances it is also until they had reached the center of the bridge. Then he stopped, profoundly saluted the emperor, and said:

will be nullified by the fatigue of the effort. And don't speak of depressing subjects; above all refrain from talking of similar cases that you have known or heard of, unless by doing so you can make the patient more hopeful. Tell all the bright, cheery things you can; retail pleasant bits of news, but don't stay to long awar though urged to re-

A Frederick, Md., man has an old boiler which he claims belonged to the first boat propelled by steam.

## The Woman's Era.



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